

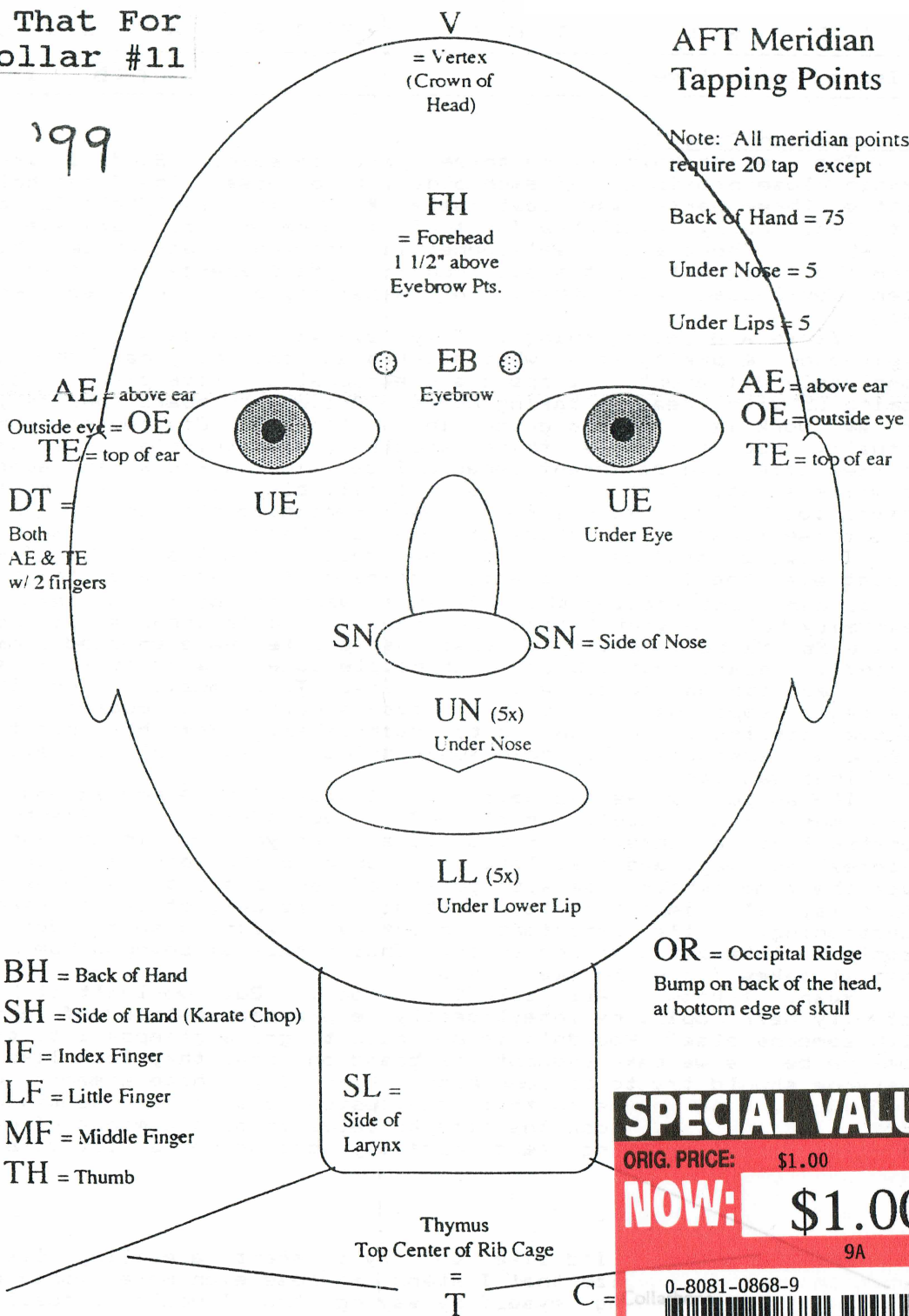
I'd Buy That For
A Dollar #11

Feb. '99

"Your
face, my
thane,
is as a
book
where
men May
read
strange
mat-
ters."
--Shake-
speare:
Macbeth

"Hey,
G.M. I
found
this at
Kinko's.
I think
you
should
probably
use it
in your
'zine
some-
where."
--The
Ramen
City
Kid

"HMMMMM."
--G.M.



AFT Meridian Tapping Points

Note: All meridian points
require 20 tap except

Back of Hand = 75

Under Nose = 5

Under Lips = 5

AE = above ear
OE = outside eye
TE = top of ear

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I'D BUY THAT FOR A D

Introduction Part II:

The second half of my three part non-epic. Stuff I wrote roughly within close proximity of each other, time wise. The first half of this little three parter was last issue, #10. The last half is a mini-zine entitled, "Mall," available for \$0.50 from me or from where ever it was you got this. There's no real connection between these three things, aside from the fact that I put a big chunk of time & energy into them, and all of them over-lapped each other. All separate, all connected. Know what I mean?

'Zines are weird things. They evolve & change & take on a life of their own, & pretty soon what started as one thing has become something completely different. I spend a great deal of time planning out themes & coming up with ideas & taking notes. A commonly heard phrase in my house or at work is, "That's going in my 'zine." Of course, come time to actually put the whole thing together, everything's gone wrong. The stories come out different because I get sidetracked & find something else to write about, & then I get lazy & fill blank space with stuff I didn't intend to. Pretty soon I don't even recognize the finished product, and it's those times that I think it comes out best.

I always tell people that they should start a 'zine of their own. Almost everyone I know has enough opinions & crazy ideas to fill several books, and just knowing that makes me want to do it for them. I wholeheartedly believe that 'zines can save the world (thanks for coining that phrase Ms. Maybe), mainly because most people have stopped communicating. I find it scary that 90% of what people do any more is talk about stuff they had nothing to do with. Movies, T.V., music, funny things they overheard people say. I picture future culture in Eugene consisting of people sitting around saying to each other, "Remember that time we sat around & remembered all those funny things that didn't actually happen to us? That was cool."

I'm as guilty as the next guy. I watch T.V. & movies and I listen to more music than should be allowed. But there's a difference between constructing a context for your life that you use in an innovative and interesting way, and just letting your mind shut down so you can laugh & pass the time (which I am also guilty of too, but not nearly as much). The point is, it's important to construct those aesthetics to keep the mind functioning. It's important to interact with cultural junk for other people to interact with and so on. That's half of being a human and all of what it takes for us to feel useful.

Yeah, I know. All talk & no cock. But wouldn't it be great to actually hear opinions intelligently expressed instead of just agreeing with someone else? Wouldn't it be nice to get a glimpse into the mind of someone before we make assumptions based on what they look like? I think everyone should try to do something. Even if you hate someone, wouldn't it be great to have access to their manifestos just to have something to argue with? I think if we took the time to delve into the minds of other people we'd all start thinking (and hopefully producing) a lot more about the right things.

And on that note...

Mailing List: I'd like to try & start a mailing list for this publication. I realize that I stand to lose even more money doing this, but I would be kidding myself by saying that I would actually use that money for good anyway.

Basically, you need to contact me in person or via mail. Tell me you

want to be on the mailing list & give me an address to send the next issue to. When the next issue comes out, I'll send you a copy. It's that easy!

Of course there will be priority for those who have paid. That's for you to work out. I'm going to use the honor system. If I send you an issue I will hope that, somehow, you will pay me back. Obviously if you send money ahead of time you will probably get yours quicker next time. The less likely you are to send money the less likely I am to send out more issues. But you do not have to send money up front to get on the list. Just write or call and yell or whatever.

Other News: I'm hoping to get two compilation cassettes done eventually, as I've rambled on about before. The first is a cassette comprised of various groups who have submitted songs (via tape, CD or vinyl... I have no other means of transferring the material to the master). Just send your song, some info about it, and if you want some material for the companion 'zine that will go with it. No song too lo fi, no band too horrible.

The other cassette is a collection of stuff broadcast on Austin Rich's radio show, The Church Of Blasphuphmus (Not Jesus) Hour. Austin has made many contributions to this magazine over the years & he asked me to help him with the tape & the companion 'zine that will go with it. His show is on at the convenient time of 4 to 6 A.M., Wednesday mornings on KWVA, Eugene Campus Radio, at 88.1 F.M. End of free plug.

Now... on with the show.

--G.M. 10/29/98

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Last week the neighbor's phone was ringing off the hook and it was driving me crazy. I wished they would stop fighting and answer it so I could get some sleep. Instead, Sluggo came home and started digging through the layers of beer bottles and broken bikes in our "living" room. He pulled out the phone I forgot we had, and answered it.

A wrong number. That made sense, since our phone had been disconnected months ago. Then it rang again. Still the wrong number, but this time Sluggo wrote the wrong number down, went to a payphone, and tried it. When I answered, we were both surprised. A computer error? An anonymous donor? It didn't make sense, but it was nice to get calls again, if not sleep.

The problem is, we can't dial out on our new phone line. I have to walk to the "surprising economic recovery" a mile away, where they still have plenty of payphones. To discourage drug dealing and make the streets safer, the city tore out all the payphones in our neighborhood last month. No phones to call for help in an emergency, and the only other people out in the middle of the night are frustrated drug dealers.

But safety isn't everything. At least we have community. Unlike our old neighborhood, where people wouldn't say hello on the street. They acted like we were invading the neighborhood even though we'd lived there longer than anyone. Those wacky yuppies and their silly ideas. Jacking up the prices of coffee, the prices of rent, and eventually the property values too, so that more cops come around to protect the property and hassle us.

Now we live on the last street in town, among the warehouses and broken cars. We have seven and our next door neighbor has five, including one which Ed lives in. The couple next door say we're the best neighbors they've ever had. "If we have extra food, you come eat it," they say. "If you need anything, or if we're too loud, you just let us know. We're neighbors. We're country."

They say, "Our house is your house." The fact is, there's only one house. We live under the same roof, and the only thing that keeps our two households apart is one thin wall, dividing what was once a two-car garage. What we can't see we can hear and sometimes feel. When we said, "Oh, no, you're never too loud," they laughed. They know we can hear them fighting all day and all night, screaming and cursing and stabbing each other. But it's not our place to say anything about it, or to judge. Not only are they old enough to be our grandparents, they actually are grandparents.

Anyway, we wouldn't think to complain about their fighting because they don't complain about our smashing bottles, lighting fireworks, destroying the plumbing, playing drums at night, or leaving rotting garbage all over they yard. In many ways we are a perfect match. When we dug up the lawn and planted palm trees as a new tactic to fuck with the landlord, our neighbors were so happy they started bringing us dinner. They only complained one time, when they found out I did a magazine and had been so thoughtless as to not give them one.

This morning, when I heard a ringing sound, I could tell it wasn't the neighbor's phone. I was sure it wasn't our phone either. The phone company would have to perform a miracle to get through a phone not only disconnected but also unplugged. No, this was much louder than just a phone or alarm clock. I was hoping it was the candle factory melting down again, but when I looked out the door I saw low-flying helicopters instead of fire trucks. Trouble. It was bad that the neighbors on one side fought all the time. It was worse that the neighbors on the other side had a defense department contract to produce anti-plague vaccine with germ warfare applications.

Before I had to contend with yuppies in my neighborhood. Now it's

Legionnaire's disease, Anthrax, and the Bubonic Plague. They keep live samples of all three just down the block, in a quiet-looking factory complex which is actually one of the largest biotechnology plants in the world. Really. I put on my shoes and walked over to check it out. Right past Ed's car, on the other side of a large barbed wire fence, was a man in an orange jumpsuit. I flagged him down and asked if the warning siren was coming from part of the plant. He looked at me annoyed and said, "Part of it."

I wondered which part. Perhaps the part closest to the Hayward Fault Line? Or just the old infectious diseases building? I asked, "Any danger?" and he said, "Beats me."

This is the kind of thing which used to worry me. Now, instead of worrying about all the terrible things that might happen, I wait until they do happen, and then start worrying. Knowledge conquers fear, and I'd done my research. An accidental airborne release of Bubonic Plague wouldn't kill me for at least twelve hours.

My throat was parched and I felt a little feverish, so I went up to the corner store. I like our new neighborhood because I'm not the only one in line for six A.M. beer. In our old neighborhood, I'd say, "Breakfast? Shit, mister, this is my dinner. It's been a long night of work and a long week of nights before that. It may be tuesday morning to you, but I work for a living and it's friday night for me."

I still say it, but here everyone smiles. They know just staying alive is hard work. They say, "Suit yourself. But it's good for breakfast too."

* * *

Problem # _____ by G.M.

I was hanging out with Varicoaster Chris one day and he said something that really struck a chord deep within my cerebellum. He said something like, "I have transcended what normal people would call procrastinating and have achieved a level of avoidance that has yet to be accomplished by mortal me."

Or something like that.

The problem that I have battled all my life was never procrastination, but a total and complete lack of interest in ever accomplishing said responsibilities. Procrastination implies that there was a certain amount of subconscious decision to create superficial circumstances that, at the moment, seem to surpass the level of importance that the tasks at hand ever had. Almost as if the person was just lazy, and it wasn't really their fault to begin with.

My problem is much worse than that. I've never really been a lazy person. When I want something done, I do it. My problem is that I intentionally create elaborate explanations with well thought out arguments so I can avoid even thinking about what I need to do. On purpose. With forethought.

It wasn't until Varicoaster Chris made his profound statement that I even realized I had a problem.

Now a lot of you are wondering how I ever accomplish anything. The Ramen City Kid went so far as to say I would probably never even finish this article. True, I told him about this problem and how I was going to ferret out said nerosis through a 'zine article months, ney, almost half a year ago, but with luck on my side you are reading this now, and not because I shoved a yello hand-written notebook copy in your face either.

But back to the first sentence. Many people ask, "How do you accomplish anything at all then?" The answer is quite simple: I set aside time to write. Obviously, a vocational hobby that reduces stress in my spare time ranks extremely high on my list of things to do, and by that logic I get all sorts of unrelated things done. I alphabetize my books, my tapes, my hangers, & my body parts. I watch old re-runs of The Simpsons I've seen only 60 times, and keep track too! I pay bills. I think about (and sometimes actually accomplish the act of) cleaning my room. It's amazing how much you won't write if you put your mind to it.

But this comes nowhere near handling the bigger issues. I still exert a Herculean effort to avoid other things too.

Example:

By complete accident I discovered that one medium sized U-Haul box holds one load of laundry (I think I was working on issue #5 that day). This offered no end of useful ideas on how to go about solving the laundry crisis I'm always in.

In my first closet I have all of my shirts, hung up neatly on \$15 a piece Target™ Brand Hangers¹. Next to this closet is my dresser, filled to the brim with socks & pants & towels & sheets & other such necessities. This leaves my second closet, aside from the top shelf, more or less empty.

I theorized that I could put a medium sized U-Haul box in the second closet (empty) and when it filled with dirty laundry haul it (no pun intended) to the nearest laundry mat where I could clean the said clothes. This plan was nearly flawless in that there was only one place that failure could ever occur, and that place was the one place that it most certainly did.

In short, I went out of my way to avoid laundry. I closed up the first U-Haul box & added a second, and eventually a third on top of that one. I reused socks until I could break 2 x 4's with them. I went through cans and cans of lysol to make the odors of my pants & shirts for work, I even did a little bit of writing here and there, and when any sane person would have just gone and done the damn laundry, I was spending hours dabbing stains with wet cloths just to make it look uniformly dirty.

First, people began to avoid my room. Then I started to as well. Soon, I resembled a raving derilict and started to crave Night Train. But I still couldn't bring myself to do laundry.

Eventually the non-verbal methods of hinting would prove ineffective, and people would start yelling from a safe distance to avoid inhalation that I, "Really need to do your fucking laundry, you ripe bastard!" Sometimes² these people would be strangers.

The only thing that kicks me into gear is the fateful day that the clothes themselves, tired of being mistreated for so long, jump me in my own room at night, hold me at gunpoint, and force me to take them to the laundrymat. And sadly enough, the process is repeated again 1 month later.

After several suits from the Environmental Protection Agency & the Animal Rights Activists (you'd be surprized who my clothes have connections with) there seems to be no hope in me solving the problem

1 See ~~XXXX~~ Issue. #9.

2 See "Always" In Webster's.

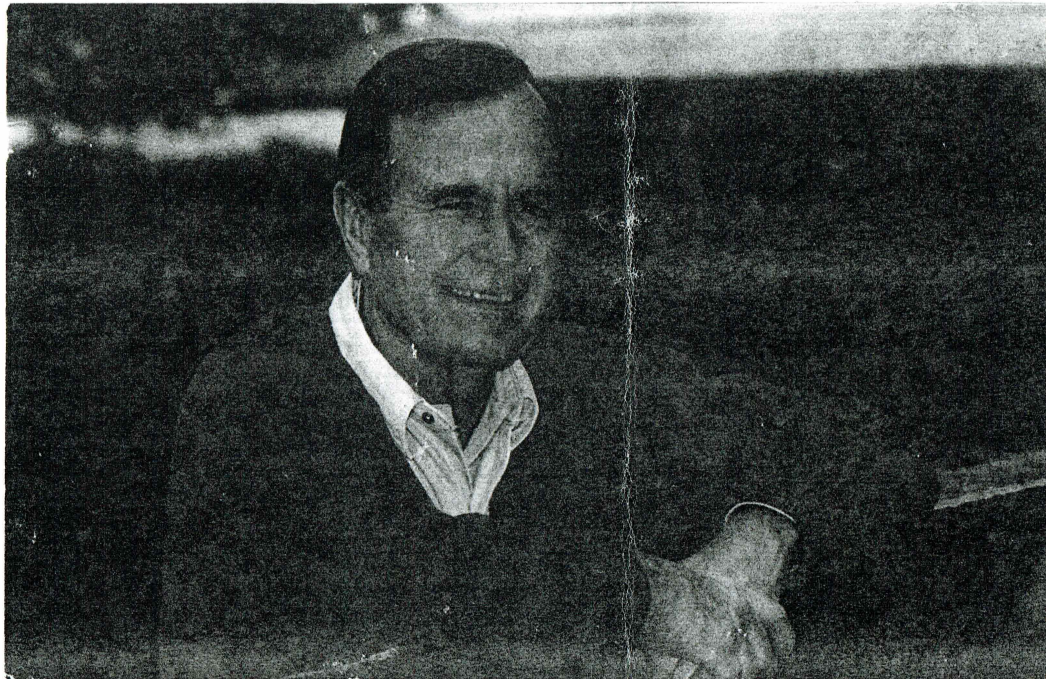
at hand (every time I sit down to try, I always put it off and watch TV instead). But talking about any problem is always considered the most effective form of therapy (cheap, too), and maybe sharing with you a small bit of my own pathetic existence you can begin the healing process for yourself.³

* * *

: More Things I've Found

by G.M. :

When I was helping my then-girlfriend Cassandra go through the things in her storage locker, I came across this letter below. This was addressed to an ex-boyfriend of her's, a guy that I knew as K.C. I don't really know the guy that well, but I always thought he was a dork. Now, as near as I can figure, this was in response to a letter that K.C. sent concerning the Gulf War way back when. I can only assume that what he sent was some anti-war concerns ("How could you have gotten into this war in the first place? When are the troops coming home now that the war is over? What were you thinking? Did you intend to bomb those schools?" That sort of stuff.) considering that K.C. would probably do that sort of thing, I think. Besides, why else would you want to talk to Bush?:



This Picture
Was In The
Envelope When
I Found It.
What I Want
To Know Is Did
K.C. Put It
In There From
A Collection
He had, Or Did
Bush Have The
Foresight To
Send A Picture
To Him Thinking,
"This Should
Reassure Him."
Either Alternative
Is Pretty Scary
If you ask me.

Dear Young Friend:

Thank you for your message about the United States efforts in the Persian Gulf region.

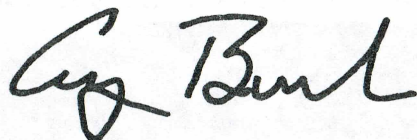
³ This is not a guarantee, warranty, or prediction. All actual improvement in your life is subject to shared ownership by the I'd Buy That For A Dollar Staff & their share-holders.

The unique cooperation of the international community allowed us to achieve our goal of liberating Kuwait, and we are grateful for their courageous and steadfast support. Certainly I am pleased that the war ended so quickly and that there were far fewer casualties than had been widely predicted. (Ed. Note: So they thought more people would die... I see...) Operation Desert Storm's success belongs to our brave troops. We are all tremendously proud of them, and I am delighted that they are coming home to the hero's welcome that they deserve. (Ed. Note: "Congratulations! You killed some people and blew stuff up because we don't want to pay more for our gas!")

Many challenges remain in bringing peace and stability to the Middle East. However, as we continue to work for stability in the region, we will not forget those who gave their lives for this just cause (Ed. Note: Uhm, did he just say, "just cause?") and those who lost loved ones. I ask for your prayers for all of those who are suffering as a result of this conflict and as a result of the internal strife in Iraq.

Best wishes.

Sincerely,



I've checked the signature on the paper, and it's real alright. But if you read the letter carefully you'll notice that no questions are answered, nor are there any offers of solutions to what has happened in the Gulf, nor does it read as if it is in response to a letter from an individual person. Could it be that the White House uses form letters? Nah!

I found this at work. Not nearly as interesting, but amusing none the less. I find it funny that someone would even jokingly mix these two seemingly unrelated things (Bandon's Football Team and the tune they write this thing to) together. I have a feeling that this person has probably never been to Bandon, nor have they seen a Bandon Football game, nor have they ever written a Cheerleader Cheer before, and probably haven't done any Cheerleading either. If they have, then, well, I have more reason to fear Cheerleaders than I used to:

Show em your a Tiger Grr!
Show em what you can do
The ~~thrill~~ thrill of Bandon's Football Team
Brings out the Tiger in you

And YOU!

I've got a friend named Johnny Kick a Hole in the Rich. Johnny comes from a small working-class family from a small, suburban town. Johnny's father works for the Public Works department with the city. He's busted his ass for the same people for many years. The job has given him a home, and a healthy family. Since Johnny's father's youth was wasted fighting a white man's war, he's satisfied with his work, and is thankful for the job security it's provided. Johnny's mother however, has always hungered for more. Now that Johnny's little brother is graduated from high school, his mother is pursuing her education, and hopes to provide others that which she could not provide for herself. Because of the limitations marrying at an early age and raising children placed on her, she now frivously seeks a new freedom. Johnny's family never had lots of money, just enough to keep their stomachs full, and clothes on their backs. Johnny's parents, at a young age, instilled in their children the ideals of self-sufficiency. They wanted to prepare their children for the "real world" as best as they could, and teach them to work for their goals.

As a boy, Johnny learned to work on cars, how to clean a kitchen, and he was always looking for little ways to get a little bit of feria, money if you will, into his pocket.

Johnny turned 21 in the summer of 1996. His work experience records were long and diverse. He had worked hard at many types of jobs, but once he realized the futility of his part-time employment, he would move on to something else. Johnny was looking for a job that would not only pay him a decent wage, but would give him a sense of support and pride. Johnny had goals. He wanted to save up enough money so he could enroll in some classes at the local community college. He realized that the feria would come only with an education. Since he was having problems financing school, he searched for little ways to educate himself. He read books--The Art Of War by Sun Yat-Sen, and Crime and Punishment by Fyodor Dostoevsky were two of his favorites. In the spring of 1996 he attended a week-long workshop that his friend Chuck-Chuck had dragged him to. It was here that Johnny first heard words like, "solidarity," and "working class."

The workshop was sponsored by the UFW, the United Field Workers; it was a union that Chuck-Chuck's father belonged to. Johnny ate up all the lessons on stewardship, on the promotion of brother and sisterhood, and how to be solid with your fellow worker. It was with these lessons ringing in his head that he searched for new employment that summer.

Johnny got a job at a dock, loading trucks. The job not only paid a decent wage, but it was an early morning shift and the company provided tuition assistance for those workers who wanted to go to school. Johnny fit into his new job quickly. Since Johnny was a hard worker, he attacked his position with earnest. After every shift, as he rubbed his sore joints and stretched out his back, he felt he had earned his wage. Johnny's boss was impressed. His boss and his friends outside of work would ask him, "How do ya do it Johnny?" He would always reply fondly, "Blood, sweat and tears, baby, blood, sweat and tears."

Halfway through the summer, Johnny noticed that due to the conditions of his job and the rigours of getting up early, the job took quite a toll on him and his fellow workers bodies. Since the job was only part-time, he started getting a little paranoid about the possibility of injury. If Johnny got seriously hurt, his goal of working his way through school would be shot. He started mentioning his concerns with the other workers. He suggested that they all meet for breakfast and talk about their job. During one morning session at IHOP, Johnny realized that some of the others had similar concerns about the work. Several of the ladies mentioned that their wrists were constantly sore from dead lifting heavy boxes. A few guys pointed out that their sore backs continued to be stiff even after their shifts. One person brought up the subject of health insurance.

Several of the older workers, the ones they referred to as veteranos, laughed at the guy and told him the company would never provide them more than what they offered now. Johnny recognized the opportunity to discuss some of the issues that were raised in the workshop he had attended that spring. The others listened with interest, for the subject of unions was quite foreign to them. Johnny suggested that they talk to some union members from the dock down the street. The other company was unionized, and they earned a little better wage and had health insurance to boot. They all finished their breakfast and left with curious thoughts in their minds.

Johnny, the other dock workers, janitors, swing-shift employees and other late nighters owned the night in their small town. While the rest of the town was sleeping, Johnny was waking up, drawing strength from the dark sky. It wasn't easy for these people to be broken off from the rest of the world in this way. Combined with sweat from the hard work, emotions were often slightly volatile at their jobs. But they were all used to it, and everybody adjusted accordingly. Those that didn't, got jobs when the sun was up. During one particularly hectic day, Johnny noticed the guy next to him was getting swamped with boxes, and couldn't keep up with the load. Johnny ran over to the guy, noticed he was frustrated and lent him a hand. When they were both inside the truck, Johnny noticed the guy was bleeding heavily from one of his fingertips. "Man, you should take care of that before it gets infected." The guy replied, "Fuck it, I'm too busy, it ain't bothering me anyways." Johnny recalled the conversation they had over breakfast earlier that week, and said, "Dude, it would be so much nicer if we had some kind of health plan to watch our backs. We really should get serious about checking out this union business." At that moment, Johnny's boss happened to be passing by the truck and at the word, "union," he bristled. The boss had heard about the dock down the street, and some of the management had complained that the workers seemed a little too comfortable with their job after the unionization. Since it's harder to control a comfortable worker, the boss took an immediate, nasty attitude towards Johnny. "Who does that punk think he is anyway?" he thought to himself as he checked on the other trucks.

The next day, Johnny played his radio a little too loud. He used a little too many curse words when his boss was passing by, and he was called into the boss' office after his shift. "Johnny, you've been keeping your records sloppily, and I've noticed you're attitude has changed about your job. Perhaps you should consider seeking

employment elsewhere."

Somewhere a bomb exploded.

A baby screams to have his wet diaper changed.

A drunk kicks his dog in the ribs.

A blind woman is mugged and then raped in a dark alley.

Johnny was really tired and his patience snapped.

"What the fuck are you talking about? I've played your game straight since I started working here. What kind of way is that to talk to some person?" The boss answered, "Johnny, whether this company had a union or not, it's obvious that I can no longer employ somebody as insubordinate as you. You're terminated."

Two words shot through Johnny's mind. "Mutha fucker!" he muttered to himself and with a dazed, confused look on his face he turned and walked out the door.

"Vengance is thine said the Lord... We must achieve an end to our oppression by any means necessary."

Johnny felt like shit that night as he sat with Chuck-Chuck and his Japanese friend Hiroyuki. "Dude, what are you going to do now?" Chuck-Chuck wanted to know. Johnny didn't know what he was going to do. Should he get a new job? Should he take a little vacation for a while? He wished he was chilling at the beach in Encinada, cold Corona in his hand, but his mind flashed red. "Hey Chuck-Don, am I a dog?" Johnny asked. "Sure, you're a fucking perro, what are you blabbin' about? You're no dog!" Chuck replied. "Den why I get treated like one? I ain't going out like that. Fuck that dude, he cross me like a lazy bum. I'm gonna get him back, get his ass down. Whach you think Hiroyuki?" Johnny retorted. Hiroyuki had had a little too much to drink that night. He jumped up from the table, knocking himself over in the process. He picked himself up off the ground screaming, "DO GE SA! DO GE SA! ATTITUDE AND RESPECT! YOU FACELESS, NO MORE HONOR!" Johnny socked him in the stomach and the pulled Hiroyuki back down to his seat. "Allright, I've never committed a felony crime, never got caught anyways, but I need some payback. I don't want to hurt anyone, don't want to really crack some heads, but I want to do something that won't get my ass landed in jail. I've got a plan, but I'll need your guys' help. Check it..."

The next week Johnny carried out his plan with the help of Hiroyuki and Chuck-Chuck. The plan was executed with provision and precision, and Johnny was redeemed.

----- | The Plan of Johnny: Resistance through Guerilla Tactics | -----

Independence Day, 1996. A small, local shipping company's management was celebrating Fourth of July at a fancy resturant. A black Honda accord pulled into the back of the resturant. Two dark individuals quickly exited the vehicle, and one took cover behind a small bush, the other quickly fled to the parking lot with a large bag in hand. The black Accord pulled out and parked a block away with the engine running. The individual behind the bush conspicuously pulled out a large caliber handgun, and aimed it at the power transformer on an electricity pole. The individual with the large bag ran up to a

Ford Explorer sports-utility vehicle and crawled under it. Metallic sounds could be heard emanating from under the vehicle. As a couple exited the restaurant, the sounds quickly stopped. The couple got into their car and left the parking lot. The noises resumed and 4 minutes later the individual crawled out from under the vehicle and zipped up the black bag. He started running towards the Honda Accord and about 20 meters from the bush where the other person was hid he shouted, "Light the mutha fucker up!!" Three shots were fired from the handgun and the power transformer blew up in a shower of sparks. Electricity was knocked out in a 3 mile radius. The two individuals ran together and jumped into the Honda Accord and it pulled into the night with a squeal of tires and excited shouts.

After patrons exited the restaurant, they too all left in their cars. Except for one person, a Mr. William Sanchez, manager of the morning shift of the local shipping company. His vehicle would not move. He ended up spending \$2500 on a rebuilt engine and always wondered why the engine of his brand new sports-utility vehicle broke down on July the Fourth, 1996.

BE CAREFUL WHO YOU STEP ON ON THE WAY UP, THEY MIGHT GIVE IT BACK IN FULL ON THE WAY DOWN.



Author Kyle C Fast Asleep After A Hard Day's Work, A Few Beers And A Basketball Game. Photo By Austin Rich. We Miss You Kyle. Good Luck Fighting Those Commies!

Editor's Note:

How Johnny Spent His Summer Vacation was originally written for a working class literature class at LCC. Kyle was really excited about it and I really liked it, so he asked if I would put it in the next issue of IBTFA\$. I said sure, but soon the next issue became the one after that, and pretty soon I had lost it, then found it again and, well, you get the idea. It took me this long to get my shit together. Sorry Kyle.

Well, a lot has happened since then. Kyle joined the military and wrote us a few nice letters about his adventures, and then... silence. We off-handedly wondered what had happened, but not too deeply because we all have lives and figured Kyle was just busy or something. That is, until the Department Of Defence showed up.

I remember the day well. Brandy (my roomie) called me at work. She told me a DOD agent had paid her a visit and was on his way to see me at work. I panicked. Apparently, Kyle was trying to get a job in an "information sensitive" field (this would explain the no communication on his part) and a full background check on him was necessary. What would I say? How would I act? Was this a ploy to frame me for some of the shit I've done?

So the guy shows up and asked if he could talk to me about Kyle in private. Oh shit. This way no one can hear me scream. I grudgingly agreed (what am I gonna do? Say no to the DOD?) and we began. Standard questions like, "How long did he live with you?" "Where did he work?" and, "What kind of classes was he taking?" Our Kyle, the white mexican communist is now in the military. I was still dumbfounded.

"Did Kyle ever exhibit any anti-government sentiments?"

Well, let's see. He took a working-class lit class and was really into socialism and wrote the previous story and has been in a few punk bands with songs like, "Fuck The Pigs," and, "Bomb The White House." Hmmm.

"No, sir, not to my knowledge."

"Did Kyle ever indulge in drinking to excess?"

I don't know. There was that time when he drank so much he fell down all of the stairs, then threw up all over his stuff and bed. Oh, and he used to get drunk every time there was a Blazer's game on to the point where he'd scream and yell and jump up and down. And let's not forget the six pack he'd drink everyday after work.

"Well, he'd have a few beers with me once in a while, but never to excess."

"Was Kyle ever known to use illicit substances like Marijuana?"

Our Kyle? The pot smoking commie? Old wake-'n'-bake Kyle?

"No, not to my recollection."

At this point I began to worry. Sure, everyone stretches the truth when the government is involved. But this was flat-out lying. I was going above and beyond what anyone should ever have to do.

I remember when Kyle was just getting back from signing the official papers that made him a government monkey. The first thing he said to me was, "I'm a fuckin' hypocrite."

"No you're not," I lied. "You're just doing what you need to do for school. Think of all the money you'll make." I really had no clue why he was doing it or how much money he'd make, but it seemed to improve his mood.

And now I was lying again because of Kyle, this time to THE Department Of Defense. The interviewer himself wasn't really that intimidating, but what if I slipped up and the guy caught me? I was positive I would be killed, right then and there, no questions asked. "It was the strangest thing, sir. I went to the bookstore to talk to Kyle's friend, and he started ranting and raving about not being a government puppet. Then he covered his face in fear... I mean, attacked me. I had to shoot him."

Then he asked me if I had known if Kyle had ever left the country for any reason. Kyle spoke Japanese. He had lived in Japan for some time. I totally spaced this fact and said, "Well, he did live in Salinas and spoke Spanish, so he may have gone to Mexico, but he never mentioned it if he did." The DOD guy gave me a strange look and moved on to something else. Two questions later, fear set in as I finally remembered that Kyle was a student in Japan for a while.

"Uhm, actually, I just remembered that Kyle had, at one point... god, I feel really dumb to have forgotten this... lived in Japan for a while for school reasons, but, ha ha ha, only mentioned it once or twice and I didn't really think much of it. Ha ha?"

The DOD guy just stared at me. "Really," he said slowly and purposefully. That was it. Time for my death scene, execution style. I was up shit creek and there was nothing I could do. It was obvious he knew I was lying about everything and it was now time for me to do jail time.

The next 20 minutes of questioning all had to do with Kyle in Japan. Sweat began to pour off of me like rain, and the more sweat that accumulated, the more questions he asked. Pure Hell.

Finally, things began to come to a close. "Did Kyle ever write you any letters?"

"Yes, he wrote two that I know of," I said, fearing the next question.

"It might help give us some insight into Kyle's life outside of the military if I read them. Do you know where they are?" FUCK! Those letters would seal Kyle's fate if I let this mophead read them.

"Well, I don't know if we still have them. He wrote them to the house, so we all read them and I haven't seen them in a while," I lied. I knew exactly where they were.

Excerpts From Kyle's Letters:

"I'm surviving the government's re-education program gracefully. Unfortunately, my time is too confined to derive productive creativity from this experience. Things are crazy here. The similarities to prison are numerous. We all wear the same uniforms. We are under watch 24/7. We are completely cut off from Society. Uniformity, submission, and repetition. That's what these last 2 weeks and the next 7 weeks hold for me."

"I miss normality, friendly faces. My division (started 72 persons strong, down to 58 now. Why? Sadistic authority weeding out the weak!!) has not learned to grow up and get the job done."

"Today we ran the confidence course. It's this big testosterone playground with tunnels, rope swings, obstacle courses, etc."

"When our seniors get crazy they like to 'drop' us. This simply involves many, many pushups. We get threatened a lot with dire consequences."

(All of the previous DIRECT QUOTES from Kyle's letters.)

"Well," said the DOD guy, "If you find them, call me." Fat chance. He then explained that this conversation would go one file in Kyle's file for the military and would be read by anyone reviewing his case. Great, now I'm in their files (again). Then he left.

More time has passed and we still haven't heard from Kyle, so I can only assume that he got the "information sensitive" job. Either that, or he's hunting down all the people that were interviewed because he didn't get it. Kyle, if you ever get a chance to read this, it wasn't me! Do you realize the hell you put me through? You owe me big time! Oh, and you'll be getting a letter from me soon... I hope they don't read your mail, that

copy of Mein Kampf will be in there along with this. Sorry about the lateness of the letter... hey, one year isn't too long.

* * *

Warning Signs That Your Girlfriend Is Listening To The Hawk To Much

- 10.) Her favorite conversation starter is, "Did you know that it's _____ (fill in the blank with the name of some washed-up butt-rock band's lead singer who just recently went solo) birthday today?"
- 9.) New ideas for dates include going to free shows @ the Millcamp.
- 8.) She continues to ask if you think the Y&T logo would look good as a tatoo.
- 7.) She started boycotting House of Records because they didn't carry a single album by Yes.
- 6.) Four Words: She's My Cherry Pie.
- 5.) She often asks you in private why people were laughing when you and your friends watch Spinal Tap.
- 4.) Her Christmas gifts to you include spandex pants and silk scarfs.
- 3.) Responds with, "I have that album," or, "Hey, they Rock!" every time you comment on how bad a song is.
- 2.) She's the only person who could name the band that the, "At The Drive-In," song was by, but had no clue they ripped off a Sex Pistols guitar line to make it.
- 1.) Her voice is slowly but surely sounding more and more like Geddy Lee.

* * *

Fake Out

by G.M.

I woke up and the sun was shining and I was the happiest guy on earth. I broke out all my tapes that reminded me of the summer & I sang along with them as I got ready for work. Nothing could bring me down. It was summer, finally.

Before I went to bask in the sun, I tried to make some phone calls but the phone was disconnected, which didn't really matter because I found out minutes later it would be re-connected tomorrow. That's cool. Karma. No problem here. But before I could get out of the door Kyle the Fasciest Dictator stopped me. I appears that he hastily closed his checking account before a check he had given me could clear. Fortunately he had the cash with him, so all that remained was to go to the bank and straighten the whole thing out.

Arug! Bank buracracy. Who knows how long that would take. I looked at the sky and there was something wrong with the sun. It was still out, and there were still rays of light warming the water-dreanchned land that had, for months, changed my mood to the dark and broody parts that I generally loathed. The winter had been a long and difficult one, full of hardships and unexpected problems left and right. But I took it all in stride and just let my face take it all in. I sure as hell wasn't going goth, but I was carefully walking the line that separates their facial expressions from the normal ones I make.

Fuck it. There wasn't a single thing on earth that could piss me off if it was a sunny day & I had Youth Of America with me. So what if something didn't feel quite right. It would fix itself by the time Kyle and I were gonna go and watch the sun rise the next day. Nothing could bring me down.

I went for a walk, all the while letting the sun that was no longer hiding behind thick, dark clouds dry up the months of rainy, shitty wheather that had soaked into the earth and my emotions, and for the first time in quite a while I felt physically content... re-vitalized, as it were. I hopped on my bus and made my way to work, not even bothered by the fact that, for the rest of the day, I wouldn't even see the sun.

After work some stupid PBS pledge drive had pre-empted Monty Pyton, and as I watched it for a few minutes in dis-belief that they had actually done something like that I began to feel the strangeness overcome me, as if I had just walked into a room with a worst enemy and we were both pretending the other wasn't there. Something was afoot, and as I drank my Foster's (Australiian For Cannadian Beer) & wisked myself to a comfortable sleeping state that I had not (at least it seemed at first) achieved in quite a while, I began to wonder just what was wrong that I was missing.

It was then that the weather, in some strange attempt to make me miserable, struck. A storm formed that soaked into my subconscious mind, and by 4 A.M., the time I was supposed to get up for our hike to watch the sunrise, I felt as if I'd been hit by an airplane that had been downed by a hurricane.

My head throbbed in disbelief, and I stumbled out of bed to tell Kyle I was in no condition to go. He nodded and told me to go back to bed. What could have happened? It was summer; The Sun was going to be out. How could I feel sick? As I fought to regain unconsciousness, I pondered all of these things trying to make sense of what had happened.

When I woke up hours later, I painfully made my way to a window and it was only then that I understood why I felt so shitty: it was raining. The weather, out of some sort of sadistic whim, decided to make me feel like shit in the night, and it had worked.

All my plans for that day were ruined, and later that day, as I listened to my boss rattle on about how my hours were going to be cut drastically, the only thing I could think about was how someday I would exact my revenge against the Earth for it's evil prank it had played on me.

* * *

The "Self" Moment

by G.M.

More Innane Ramblings about the Dork Asthetic: Sleep. The lack thereof, or the over-accumulation thereof can actually supplement the person in question and help create a "self" moment.

There are two ends of the sleep spectrum. First, there's the end where lack does wonders to your mind, and creates the mental enviroment ideal for what you want. The less sleep you get, the more

wild the ideas become, so caution is advised ("Hey, let's walk 70 blocks to see if that church has a new slogan on it's reader-board!"). Then there's the end where nothing on Earth could prevent you from getting that ever-so-necessary six hours before you have to go to work. Where you land in the specturm seems to differ from day to day (and more importantly, where you land in the specturm of caring), but I seem to almost always lie in the middle.

There was a point in my life where it took a team of medics and a five-hundred watt light bulb to pry my eyes open and breath life into my unconscious body. You couldn't wake me for all the smack in 'Frisco, regardless of the occasion. Even on Christmas Day I'd be dozing until 7 A.M., a rarity in a house full of 4 A.M. gift-crazy children. I remember one day when I could barely stay awake past midnight, and after a full 8 hours of sleep Colin burst into my room in full McDonald's regalia and a new watch he had recieved for his birthday, and in true Colin form loomed over me and shouted, "Wake up!

You're late for church!" My eyes opened but I had no clue what was going on, and it wasn't until the introduction of caffiene 30 minutes later that I stopped saying, "what", and even then Colin had to remind me of what had actually happened.

And of course the was a point in my life when nothing ^{could} get me to sleep short of a fist in the face, and the neighbors dropping a feather on their counter withdrew me from my sleep web. I remember countless restless evenings writing pages and pages of progressively worse and worse nonsense. I remember how easy it used to be to wake me. Here's the scene: it's 12 noon, and I've been in bed since Colin dropped me off at my house three hours earlier. A light breeze has been lulling me in and out of consciousness for the last hour, and suddenly my front door in the living room, past my own bedroom door, down the hall and across the living room, begins to carefully open. There's no sound other than the click of the doorknob as it's turned, but something inside me clicks at the same time and I am instantly awake, immediately aware of my surroundings. Colin, the ever-vigilant prankster, is proceeding with caution, hoping to have gotten the drop on me, but in my curled up and comfy refuge, my eyes focus on the door and prepare for what is to come.

It opens, and in peers Colin. Our eyes meet.

"Hey, what's up?" I say.

"Damn!" he says. Yet another prank foiled... but at what cost?

Sleep is nothing to be taken lightly, though. Most of the time I lie in the middle of the sleep specturm, and I am happy to stay there.

But it is the conditions under which we get sleep that shape the continuing environment that we percieve and interact with on a daily basis. I myself do not think I have gotten a fully relaxing night's sleep in what seems like 10 years, but I am okay with that because it keeps things interesting and gives me something I can complain about when people don't feel like telling me to shut up when I'm drunk.

I have gone through many cycles of long and short, nightmare dreanched and normal dream filled, lack of dreams entirely, comfortable bed and sleep-couch induced, and heavily inhebriated rest periods, all of which produced various different kinds of sleep. Though none of them were fully "restful," all of them have been helpful in shaping the world I live in. Sleep in not bad, but it's

what we do with sleep that makes it, "good," or, "bad."

I try to use sleep to achieve the "self" moment, a moment best described as the beginning stages of taking acid, except you never go up any farther. You have a weird understanding of your body and your mind and you become strangely productive in very odd ways, partially because you are not being held back by any preconceptions of what you should or shouldn't be doing. Sometimes a "self" moment doesn't even have to be constructive. You can have a "self" moment any time of the day. But to me, they often happen in the morning, just after coffee.

And I cannot express the importance of coffee. If you want the self moment, drink coffee right after you wake up. I suggest taking a tip from my friend Justin, and having you coffeemaker alarm set for five minutes before you alarm clock, so you can pour and drink that first cup of the day before you even get out of bed. I would even say that coffee is more important than that first meal of the day, because even though the first meal of the day gives you sustenance that enables you to actually perform tasks and move around and stuff, without coffee, how are you going to keep from passing out while you do them?

For some reason, coffee stimulates the brain in a very odd way, and when combined with an unusual kind of sleep gotten the night before, is very capable of producing the "self" moment. I think this is because the brain is not really turned on in the morning or after just waking up, and coffee kind of over-rides the normal brain functions and jumps straight to the minimum requirements to function. Since there are a lot of things that aren't working because of this, presto, changeo, we have have a self moment.

I discovered this one morning after a long bout of not drinking coffee, and even then before that I didn't drink coffee in the morning for some reason. Having first been introduced to the necessity of coffee as a device to keep you awake, it never once dawned on me that it could actually function as something to wake you up. For some reason I had picked Mountain DewTM to accomplish the feat that coffee and been flawlessly performing for generations and generations.

Now, there isn't anything wrong with the Neon Green. I consume quite a bit of it on a regular basis. But to the advanced dork, it really doesn't give you the kick you need to snap yourself out of that early morning empty-headed feeling you have. The Dew should be used strickly for maintaining your caffiene levels thoughtout the day, not jump starting them. But I digress.

So there I was, for months, wandering around in a daze, drinking The Dew and trying to figure out what I was always braindead. I couldn't get anything done until after the sun went down, and

So there I was, for months, wandering around in a daze, drinking the Dew and trying to figure out why I was always so brain dead all day. I couldn't write, my funny-bad-idea quotient was really low, and I couldn't for the life of me do anything before noon. Something was amiss, but what?

Well, one day I woke up fairly early and I didn't have to work until 3. Normally I would dork around the house until I had to leave, but I was still very tired and the urge to go back to sleep was too great. This was just not going to happen unless I go some caffiene,

so I put on some clothes and went to the store across the street.

My first impulse was to get some Dew, but for some reason the smell of really shitty coffee derailed that line of thought immediately. There is something about horrible coffee that I cannot resist. If it has been brewed in a bad restaurant or convenience store and tastes so bad that, "Cuppa Joe... Black," type drinkers won't drink it, then it must be some really potent shit. You can guarantee I will drink it, especially if it's so hot it will burn my mouth.

So I poured myself a large cup full and drank it. Immediately I began to get the strange wave of acid all over my body. It was like in cartoons, after they drink some kind of potion and immediately their body changes color starting from the head and going down to their feet. I remembered things I hadn't thought about in years. I could actually feel all of my hair. I could smell things I hadn't smelled ever. The first bad idea I had concerned tattooing my entire foot black. I had hit paydirt.

The moral of the story is, no matter what anyone says to you, coffee is VERY important to achieving the healthier dork lifestyle.

Now, let's get back to the "self" moment. Feeling in touch with the self moment is the first part. The second part is experiencing something that is so specific to yourself that you instantly become aware of the fact that you, and only you, will ever fully appreciate what has just happened to you. This puts perspective on ideas and concepts that I would normally not see, because we are trained as people to try and see things from everyone else's point of view except our own. It just so happens that we are the only people that can ever fully appreciate everything, let alone understand most things, that happen to us because we have no other point of view that we can honestly see those things from. Try it.

Go out and get between 5 to 7 hours of sleep. Just enough to function, but too little to feel well rested. If you can, sleep on a couch instead of a bed (or a bed instead of a couch, or whatever). Try and change your natural sleeping environment as much as possible.

For me, I have more self moments when I'm (duh!) by myself. I guess the reasons are obvious, but sometimes it takes the statement of the obvious before we will actually see it, and it wasn't until I was alone after I started drinking coffee that I had my first true self moment. Next, drink coffee AS SOON AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE after you wake up in the morning. Preferably, wake up to an alarm clock, but if you just wake up that's fine too. The alarm clock jolts you out of bed, adding one more level of unusual to the sleep you got the night before.

Now, here's the hard part. Do whatever it is you would normally do. Most of the time you try and force the self moment, and that really isn't what the whole thing is about. You can't force yourself to have a self moment any more than you can force toothpaste back in the tube. You just have to let it happen. For me, the first few self moments were while I was just looking out the window. I was listening to music, eating, not really thinking about anything, and then I'd see something that was just hysterical. It was so amazingly funny that I knew I'd just have to tell someone about it. ASAP.

The problem was, when I thought about how I would tell the story of "what had happened," it made no sense in words. I couldn't

actually tell someone what was funny about the experience or illustrate it in a way that made it funny because what was funny about it was so specific to me, and to the way my mind worked, that words couldn't do it justice. It was not funny unless it was in my head.

Another example involved me doing laundry. I had gotten up butt-early and hauled all my crap down to the laundrmatt, got the machines going, and went out front to smoke. Just as I finished lighting the cigarette this guy came up and started talking to me. He really didn't have anything important to say, and I don't really remember the conversation, but at the time, he spoke with this tone that just screamed something... but what? I couldn't really pin it down in words but it was definately something worth relating to my roommates...

Well, actually, no. You see, it makes no sense. The experience, again, is so speicific that it means something only to me. A self moment designed to make sense in my head and no one elses because only in my head does it really have the impact that is does. Even now, writing about those times, they make no sense in words. But the experiences are still vivid in my mind. A self moment.

I go through the ritual as often as possible. I've found that the achieving of a self moment doesn't happen every day, but when it does I'm grateful. It helps me remember who I am and that I can never really understand everything. But in understanding myself, I became a better person, and become more in touch with the dork asthetic.

And On That Note...

by "G.M."

Longtime readers (at at least ones that read last issue) may recall our political jab made to one Taco Bell Chihuahua (as seen below for those who aren't long time readers, or for those who are too lazy to try and actually remember and/or look at the last issue.) Our wit was in rare form that day and we could not resist the humor potential, so we pulled out all the stops (which eventually caused us to get ticked). Our crack legal team (they're in rehab now, but recovering with eaze) was nervous about initial lawsuits, but I am happy to report that not one Taco Bell representative (or anyone at all, for that matter) has commented on our cover (or, for that matter, about anything we've done here at all). We all had a good laugh and in the end proptly forgot about it completely (We even withdrew our original cover for this issue, also seen below.)

BRING Me THE
HEAD OF THE
TACO BELL
CHIHUAHUA!



(Last Issue)

BURP!



(This Issue In
A Parallel Universe)

However, two friends of mine decided to take the joke one step further. I was listening to KWVA in one of my Let's-See-How-Many-Hours-In-A-Row-I-Can-Remain-Conscious-For-The-Sake-Of-This-Publication moods (Note: Nothing productive came of it except some drawings that really made no sense except to some of my acid-damaged friends) when I caught, "The Church Of Blasphuphmus (Not Jesus) Hour." (No, this is not another shameless plug.) The hosts (my two friends in question) were doing a show all about the Taco Bell Chihuahua, and the joke that they were beating into the ground was that the only thing the dog could say in response to anything asked of it was, "You Kill-o Taco Bell," or something like that. Ha ha ha ha ha... uhm, yeah.

As I was about to pass out from lack of humor to my brain, I heard them joking about dismembering the dog in question. Those crazy kids... always up to no good... like stealing one of my jokes and then stretching it out to beyond what it should originally have been just because they can't think of anything original themselves... you crazy kids. I feel asleep feeling that I may have to contact my coke team of lawyers when I woke up.

The next morning (evening) I woke up and the theme to The Godfather was playing in the living room. This kind of thing is a regular occurrence (not the music, but the use of it worry and/or scare a roommate), so I paid it not mind, until I saw, nailed to my door, the head of the Taco Bell Chihuahua. Below was a little note that read, "As you requested, your head." It was signed by Austin Rich & Holden Craft, my "friends" in question.

Good one guys... you got me. Ha, ha, ha, ha. The setup was too much to resist, I guess. Thanks a lot assholes.

(Now, I urge you all to help me exact my revenge. Listen to their show [I swear this is NOT a shameless plug!] and call them up and harrass them about animal rights and stuff. Don't worry, they'll think it's funny. Tell them you've called the ASPCA and PETA or whatever. Don't worry that they get nervous when you tell them that. That's just how they cope with how funny it is. The show is on from 4 to 6 A.M. Wednesday mornings on KWVA, 88.1 F.M. Don't just do it because Austin asked me to write this plug for him... do it for the fact that the deserve the hassling only YOU can offer them!)

[Paid For By, "The Church Of Blasphuphmus (Not Jesus) Hour."]

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| 1998 Can Suck My Dick | by G.M. |

Everyone agrees that '97 was a piece of shit year. '97 sucked so bad the only adequate explanation is that there was some sort of planetary force acting against everyone on earth.

So New Year's '98 we all sat around and said that '98 was gonna be better. We'd all been through the wringer with '97 and we'd had enough, so it was only reasonable that '98 would be better.

But it wasn't.

Friends led you down. Bands break up. Girls fuck with your mind. Your job is still just a job you go to every single fucking day of your life. You wake up and try to find a reason to keep at it and

not go back to sleep and each day it gets harder and harder. It's the SSDD syndrome. Most of the time it gets so bad it eventually culminates in some sort of explosive show of emotion and a long walk (or an extended bout of time alone with loud music). But even then you get sick of that after lethargy sets in and you don't even have the energy to be pissed off anymore.

People will spit on you and shit on you and insult you and offend you and hurt you and do whatever it takes to grind you into the dirt each day. Every day the wall between you and you being an asshole back gets thinner and thinner. It's no wonder the world is fucked.

I made some shitlists this year. So-called friends will stab you in the back at every opportunity. I don't know what I expected from them this time around. It happens every single time. I guess I trust people too much. It's one thing when you don't put much into a relationship and don't get anything out of it in return. It's another to invest time and energy and get bullshit back. I learned a valuable lesson in '98: most everyone only thinks about themselves.

Well, fuck 'em. I'd be able to forget the whole thing if they'd sat down and told me up front that they don't agree with me and don't want to have anything to do with me. But if you want to dance around with this through-the-grapevine bullshit then you can just go to hell.

In the end we both know who will be stronger and who will persevere.

I may be down now, but sooner or later you'll run out of people to fuck over and I'll be sticking it out, growing layer upon layer of thick skin that will keep me from ever making those mistakes again. I'll be happier then, doing what I want to do. You'll be sleeping in gutter. A revenge sweeter than retaliating.

If you think that's actually the case, think again. Another thing '98 taught me was the way things really work. I'll be living my life, dealing with manipulative ex-girlfriends while you will be out having a great time drinking every night. I'll work my ass off every day to barely scrape by every week while you will cruise on through the months without a care in the world and a couch to sleep on every night. I'll deal with thousands upon thousands of friends stabbing me in the back and everyone will have forgiven you a long time ago. I'll deal with girls not even looking at me every day of my life and you'll get laid every night. Sooner or later, who's gonna be the cynical worn-out corporate monkey and who's gonna be the ride-by-the-seat-of-their-pants-and-still-have-a-good-time-doing-it shithead?

Fuck you.

'98 sucked. '99 is off to a bad start. I guess it just goes to show what a what a positive outlook and good intentions will get for you.

But in the long run I will maintain. I have to. I have no choice. Somehow the bills will get paid and somehow the parties will still take place, only this time there will be fewer people. I can handle that. Someday my job will get me out of the red (even if I have to borrow money to do it), and sooner or later I will meet someone who is either not good at manipulating me or good enough for me to not notice. Checks and ballances. Everything happens for a reason, and if I can still convince myself that there is one, then maybe '99 will work out in the long run.

At least I have that to keep my spirits up.

All in all, it's not as bad as I make it out to be. Sure, when you come out and say things the way they really are then it sounds horrible, but really it's better than that. My house hasn't burned down yet and the people that really matter have been there when things are darkest. I haven't gotten fired yet (sometimes I don't understand why not) and the F.B.I. (or my landlord for that matter) aren't pounding on my door every day trying to take me off to jail. Some things never change.

And as long as I still have my albums to listen to in the meantime, maybe I'll be able to maintain my sanity in '99. Or at least put off having to hire a clean up crew for the year before.

1/15/99

* * *

Last Words

by G.M.

This issue came along much slower than expected thanks to my good friend booze. Thanks a lot, tough guy! I couldn't have done it without you! You were always there when I needed you.

Soundtracks this time around included Repetition by Unwound, Great Jewish Music, Suplex by KARP, Living In These Star Warz by The Rebel Force Band, Hi, How Are You & Continued Story by Daniel Johnston, and the entire slew of standard things that are always present here at the Blitzhaus. Thanks again to Justin for introducing me to that song I love so much by Radiohead, and Captain Morgan ("You & The Cap'n Make It Happen!") for the Great Jewish Music tape. Hopefully '99 will have many more religious nights on the steps of the Catholic church with some Gutter Home and you two.

In other news, sometimes contributor Myster Meat has produced an interesting 'zine of his own called Better Living Through Psychosis. He claims he will keep doing it, so if you are interested write to him at 527 Bushnell, Eugene, OR, 97404, or try Christ1984@aol.com for the computer literate. This is a really good collage 'zine and I recommend it (if he actually makes more).

There's another good 'zine out of Portland called Plasma Whore written by a friend of mine about what it's like to live in the loneliest town in Oregon. We'll see if she ever produces any more (or if she'll even talk to me again). For those interested you can write to me and I'll see if I can send out a few copies (she failed to include an address, so I figured I'd help her out).

Definitely look for anything produced by my roommate The Ramen City Kid. In my mind he produces one of the most consistent and amazing 'zines around and is a constant source of inspiration. Write to 376 W. 13th St., Eugene, OR, 97401 for info. New issue of his is in the works and currently available is a mini-zine that was written in Poland called Radom. I cannot stress how good his stuff is. You should already be reading it if you aren't already.

Well, until next time....

NEXT ISSUE: My embarrassing Life, Music Stuff, You Get The Drill.

"Angry Man" Josh Poses For A Camera At Kinko's. Title:

I'd Buy That For A Dollar
C/o A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. Publishing
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